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The Normalia

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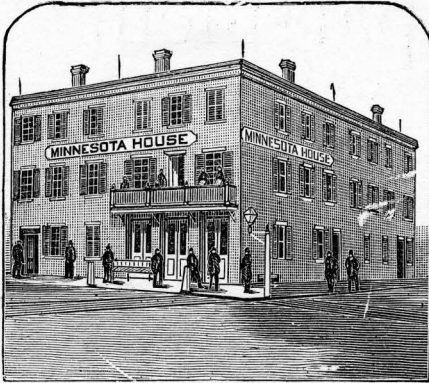
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THE NORMALIA.

VOLUME XII.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., MAY, 1903.

NUMBER 4

The Normalia.

Published bi-monthly during the school year at the State Normal School at St. Cloud.

Entered Feb. 5, 1902, as secondclass matter, post-office at St. Cloud, Minnesota, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription, per year.....50c.
Single Copies.....15c.

NOTICE—Subscribers will receive the Normalia until notice of discontinuance is given and all arrearages are paid.

A blue mark here () means that your subscription has expired.

The days of school yet remaining for a large number of us, are rapidly dwindling away and soon commencement week will be here. A large class of over eighty pupils will go forth, full-fledged teachers this year, and it is a class which we may all indeed be proud of. They have made a record which is certainly an excellent one in every respect, and the school, as well as the faculty, are glad that it has been so. The year's work has been uniformly successful in all branches—scientific, literary, musical, and last, but not least, in athletics.

With a new building and many new faces among the faculty, the students began the

year hopefully and earnestly to make the entire session a profitable one. That their efforts have been successful, has been attested by each and every member in the faculty, who are very well pleased with this year's student body, collectively and individually.

There will be a summer school session of six weeks' duration, under the management of President W. A. Shoemaker, held in the Normal school, commencing June 22nd. Classes have been planned and will be conducted so that a full term's work may be accomplished in various subjects, and due credit will be given the person doing the required amount of work, in case he should ever return to the Normal for the regular work of the school.

This session is designed to benefit those who are teaching during the winter months and hence are unable to attend school. All the common branches will be taught.

Certainly every member of the school should, before going home, become the proud owner of one of our "Normalia Annuals," which will appear in a short time. This paper is being designed to fill a long felt want in our school and certainly if the hopes of its creators are realized, it will be a great credit to the school. The Annual will be similar to many college annuals, with the exception that it will be better. The price per copy has been placed at fifty cents, and as the supply will not exceed the demand, those desiring copies must order at once.

LITERARY.

How Pa Perkins "Ketched the Hoss Thief."

"All out for New Concord!" shouted the brakeman. I came to earth with a start, for my mind had strayed far into the future, picturing myself in the chair of geology in some great eastern college, where red hair and freckles would not matter, and brains alone would tell.

But the stentorian voice of the brakeman aroused me to the fact that as yet, I was simply an unprepossessing young woman (head of my class, however) with the ink scarcely dry on my diploma, which made known, in bad Latin, to all the world, that Nancy Jane Smith had graduated "with honor," and was entitled to write B. Sc. after her name—and this fact was attested by various dignified and illegible signatures. These signers of my "Declaration of Independence"—from text books—had also deemed me worthy to be one of the party annually sent out by my Alma Mater to explore the geological fields of Minnesota; and I was assigned to work among the "sink holes" of New Concord.

As it was still quite too early for supper, I left my grips at the little hotel (whose atmosphere was redolent of bad tobacco and hot bread), and following the directions of sundry small and barefoot "future presidents," I betook myself up the dusty road, past the church and school house, through the prim grove of soft maples, and found myself in the sweet June fields, where lay the object of my quest.

If you have never seen sink holes, they would seem as strange to you as they did to me when first I found them, dotted about here and there on the prairie. To me they looked like

the imprint left by Titan fingers—these curious, conical holes scattered about at varying intervals, from a few rods to half a mile, and interspersed with plum thickets and hazel brush. The holes were, so far as I could judge, from ten to forty feet in depth, and about the same in diameter.

The older ones were lined with a soft carpeting of grass and flowers, tempting the wayfarer into their cool depths; some had small plum trees growing on their sloping sides; some were newer, and at the bottom of these—the tips of the Titan finger prints—were holes, a foot or so across; and when I dropped pebbles into their depths, several moments elapsed before I heard a faint splash. Others were filled with water and looked like small ponds. These, I judged, had lately sunk.

One of these strange holes especially attracted me owing to its great size. It was comparatively new, and still had a little water, a barrel full or so, lying in the bottom. I was descending into this hole, holding on by roots which protruded from its furrowed sides, and finding scant foot-hold in the slippery yellow clay, when a high nasal voice assailed my ears.

"Wa'al now, sis, ef you climb down thar, you'll be good and sorry, er I'm a Dutchman!"

Incensed at being addressed as "Sis," I turned to find a white-haired old man, sitting on his plow, while he "breathed" his horses at the end of a furrow. He regarded me with benevolent blue eyes as he continued:

"O go on 'n git killed ef ye want tew, but don't come up then and give aout that I didn't warn ya."

"Is—is there any danger?" I faltered.

"Is there any danger?" he repeated, emphasizing every word; then re-

garding the distant church spire as he said: "Don't ask ye tew take my word for it, same time that ar sink-hole queered one feller's calculations considerable—mebbe thar's danger—mebbe thar aint."

Then he regarded me with the air of one who has a story to tell, so I scrambled to the brink of the uncanny looking hole and sat down to listen. He needed no urging, and began, as is customary with old settlers:

"Back in '92 thar was the orneriest tramp feller come to our house an' ast fer work. I didn't like his looks from the fust—I don't take much stock in tramps annyhow—thar's tew many on 'em roamin' the kentry, livin' offen honest folkes, an' I was fer turnin' him away. But maw, she wouldn't hear on it. She was just sot on keepin' him because he was so poor and peaked lookin', and looked lonesome and furrin-like. But I didn't give in till our dog Carlo took to him—Carlo's a terrible good judge of human natur'. So the feller stayed. But I felt ruther skittish 'bout it. Locked my chist fust time in years that night. An' that night that thar blame tramp took sick.

"Wall, maw she nussed him through, an' then she wouldn't part with him for no money. Said he favored our Willie that died—women folks is so notional. Wall, come corn plowin' he was up an' around, an' fit fer work, an' nothin' would suit him but he must pay fer what he'd et in work. So, as I was short-handed, I 'lowed he might, but as I wa'nt so sure of him as maw wus, I give him the old blue plow, and Bess the blin' mare, an' an ornery mule I hed, so's ef he skipped with the outfit I wouldn't lose so much. I turned the roan colts aout to parstur, an' druv the dapple greys myself.

"Land! but them greys wus hosses! Tipped the beam at 1600 apiece—matched to a hair. Time an' again swell fellers from Chicago hes offered me a thousand dollars fur the team.

Wall, long 'bout Forth o'July we was ready to lay by the corn, all but a day's plowin', an' that blame mule went lame, an' thet mornin' I hed to drive twenty miles to the county seat—fur my taxes wus kin' o' pilin' up—that's fore the narrer guage railroad come through here.

"I knowd that tramp feller couldn't plow with one blin' mare, ner with the colts neither. Land sakes! they'd a kicked 'im to Jericho, plow an' all, in ten minutes, bein' fresh from the parstur an' full o' life. So I had to let him hev the greys. Say! them hosses wus the very apple o' my eye. I hed a queer feelin' that somethin' would happen ef I let Carl take 'em, but it seemed as though I hed to. So I hitched the colts to the buggy, an' they jest did act rediklus. Didn't stand on more'n one leg to onct, an' I'd only time to holler to Carl to salt the cattle in the back parstur and take good keer of the greys, when them colts rared straight up in the air, an' then bolted down the road, lickety-squizzle, as ef the old scratch wus after 'em.

"Wall, I didn't get back till midnight, though I got a good early start, an' fust thing maw ast was where Carl wus.

"'Land sakes!' ses I, 'I don't know. I can't keep track o' the farm an' go to taown too.'

"'Didn't he go to taown with you?' ses she.

"'No,' ses I. 'Haint he been here?'

"'He haint ben in tew his meals,' ses she, 'an' I took fer granted he'd gone with you. I hope he haint got hurt ner nothin' with them big hosses.'

"'Hurt with 'em!' I yells, 'more like he's stole 'em,' an' I made a bee line for the barn, an' sure as fate, my greys was gone!

"Quicker 'n wink, I was on one o' them colts I'd jest turned into the barnyard and goin' for Concord like sixty.

"I routed out the marshal, an' wanted to rout out the hull taown, but course Sims would'nt hear to that, and jest made me stay along o' him till morning'. Airly but I tell you I didn't let him over-sleep none, we was off to the farm, an' a lot o' folk with us, mad as hornets and wantin' to lynch Carl ef they could get a holt o' him. Fur I tell ye, them hosses was the brag of the hull county. They was to be at the Fair, an' sure to take fust prize. Wall, things was pretty badly tore up raoun' there for a week or so—we hunted all over an' offered big rewards, but twan't no use. The rascal hed got away so slick an' clean with my prize hosses, thar wan't no trace on 'em left.

"An' all this time things was jest goin' to pieces on the farm, an' I made up my mind I'd better take keer o' what was left, stid o' chasin' after somethin' I'd never see again.

"So I went home to 'tend to the hayin'. Wall, troubles never come single, an' I remembered that I hadn't seen my prize Holstein heifer calf for quite a spell, an' thinks I, I'll go an' hunt 'er up, an' salt them cattle in the back parstur same time. So I slung some chunks o' rock salt in a grain sack, an' started off fur the back parstur.

"Wall, me an' Carlo was kinder santerin' along, him leadin' an' me follerin' an' thinkin' o' my troubles, when I came across a grain sack hangin' on the ba'bwire fence—'twas the very one I see Carl pick up to put salt in fur the cattle the day he

skipped with the hosses. I knowed it by the blue patch. Then I knew I was on his track an' began to look aout for other signs, an' sure enough, there was the gouges the plough had cut in the path. Wall, I follered them tracks into a clump of plum trees, an' then—Gee hosephat! I come to a stop mighty sudden, an' jest stood stock still an' whistled. Thar right in my path was a big pond I'd never seen afore of nasty yaller water—must ha' kivered a good acre. Wall, I was completely knocked to flinders. Ses I to Carlo, ses I, 'Carlo, it never rains but it pours. Fust the ole mawl goes lame,' ses I, countin' on my fingers, 'then I lose a thousand dollars wuth o' the prettiest hossflesh in the county along o' that mean scamp, an' then the hay goes to thunder fur want o' keer, then the heifer gits lost, an' now the bottom drops out o' an acre of as good parstur as I had. Five troubles, Carlo,' ses I, 'a hull handful o' troubles!'

"Wall, it didnt' mend matters to hang over that air sink hole an' growl, so I jest crawled off to the house to tell maw.

"Law sakes! when I come to the sink hole part, she yeps out, 'That's where Carl is, paw!'

,"Where?" ses I.

"'Down in that air sink hole,' ses she.

"'O shucks!' says I, 'You're looney.'

"'I aint nuther, ses she, 'an' what's more, your goin' to drag that sink hole fur Carl.'

"'Durn ef I will,' ses I, fur I was mad an' tired.

"'Ef you don't, paw,' ses she, an' her eyes a snapping, I'll get all the wimmen in the county to help me drag it, an' find him myself.'

"An' I know she's as good as her word any day, so I had to let what

wus left o' the hay take keer of itself, an' hitch up an' go to taown fur tools an' men ter drag that hole.

"Wall, it took us about all day foolin'. We rigged up a windlass aout o' the old cedar post in the woodpile, set it up by that air pond o' yaller water an' set to work.

"Wall, we grappled daown in several times, an' jest as I sposed we didn't find nothin', an' wus goin' to quit, but maw she stuck to us, an' ses she, 'no, you don't,' ses she, 'you haint half tried yit.'

"'Wall, blame it all,' ses I, 'will that suit ye?' an' I sent the old grapple daown her full length, an' sure enough, when we begun to wind her up, we had a load on. We held our breaths till it come to the top, an' there, among a lot of stones an' bresh was a piece o' the old blue plow.

"'So that's where he hid it, the thievin' rascal,' ses I.

"'Paw Perkins,' ses maw, 'you'd oughter be 'shamed o' yourself. You send your grappler daown like that agin, an' you'll get suthin.'

"'Wa'al, I did, an' when she come to the top, thar sure 'nuff was my big Boscobel, the beauty of the two, I know one from 'tother well enough, with a piece of Carl's coat an' his cap caught in the harness.

"Wall, I got right daown on my knees an' prayed the good Lord to forgive me fur all my evil surmissin's an' gineral meanness. Maw she never even said 'I told you so.' We found nothin' of Rosabel, Boscobel's mate, nor we never found pore Carl's remains tell the water got reel low, an' then we gathered his pore bones and buried them long side o' Willie's grave. I suppose that chunk o' ground jest drapped away from in under his feet, an' he never knowed what got 'im. Yander, on the rise near the church

you can see his moniment, cost a hundred dollars, an' I had them cut these words on't: 'Jedge not, that ye be not jedged.'

The old man and I sat in silence till we heard a screen door slam up the road a piece, and a horn vigorously blown.

"That's maw," said my old man, "I'll have to be loafin' off home. So long!" And he and his horses moved slowly off to rest and supper.

I cannot describe to you the chilling horror that crept over me as I sat, as though frozen to the spot, till I know not what impulse galvanized me into action, and I found myself tearing madly down the white road, praying wildly that no hideous chasm should open in my way to engulf me to a horrible death.

The first train south that night found me on board, at the same time my resignation was speeding on its way to the superintendent of the expedition. I simply could not stay to explore sink holes.

Mother was disappointed, I fear, when I got home and told her about it. We had been so glad together that I had taken a high degree in my favorite studies, and had been trusted with congenial and remunerative work. But were my whole future reputation as an educator at stake, I could not—I would not—try to save it by investigating sink holes.

—Mary E. Keppel.

Early Spring.

I.

When the serpent and scorpion dominate eve,
When cold-blooded creatures full vigor receive,

When gnats and mosquitoes are swarming
in air,

When the laborer sinks 'neath the sun's
fervent glare,

When rivulets dwindle and fountains run dry,
Midsummer has come—and we wish it gone by.

II.

When Pegasus ushers the mantle of night,
When sumacs turn hectic and birds take their flight,
When the paths through the woodlands are buried in leaves.

When the last of her race, the gentian, grieves,
When the heavens are ashen, and mournful winds sigh,
Then autumn is ripe—why can it not fly?

III.

When Orion and Lupus assume their full sway,

When the fur-coated trav'ler succumbs by the way,

When blizzards o'erwhelm both the herder and kine,

When the sun o'er horizon seems scarcely to shine,

When the homeless and hungry for succor must cry,

Dread winter it is—may it speedily die!

IV.

When Regulus takes his high station above,
All nature beams kindly with gladness and love,

Our shadows at noonday have lengthened a pace;

Of snow and of ice there is scarcely a trace.

The rivulets merrily gurg'e and purl

And dance with the naiads they meet in each swirl.

V.

Here comes a gray cloud. There's a pattering rain;

While through rifts in the veil, light illumines the plain.

The chariot of vapor speeds on and away,

Revealing a rainbow, God's promise for aye.

A breeze stealing after wafts odors of pines

And aromas surpassing ambrosial wines.

VI.

What a pleasure it is to escape hampered space,

And awheel or afoot with gay zephyrs to race;

To fill the lungs deep with balsamical air,
And fling to the breezes all ennui and care!

Then onward, still onward, together we speed.

Spring is here! Spring is here! This is living indeed!

VII.

Let us pause on the bank of the river awhile,

And observe how the fields are beginning to smile.

Stay thy foot, for look here; a Peucedanum white

Has unfolded its florets to bask in the light.

O harbinger tiny, O herald of spring,

What joy dost thou give us! Thy welcome we sing!

VIII.

Thou bringest to memory violets blue,

The saxifrage golden and sparkling with dew;

The pasque flower and cowslip, vaccinium's urns,

Linnaea's pale twinlets, and fronds of cool ferns,

The Indian pipe's pallor, spirea's racemes,

And the dainty white crowfoot that grows in our streams.

IX.

Thou remindest us also—but what do we see?

A fitting blue flower blown loose from this tree?

Or art thou an atom of cloud and of sky?

It salutes our pale herald—'tis a blue butterfly.

He's cast off his shroud; he's emerged from his tomb,

And come here with us to enjoy this sweet bloom.

X.

Thou'rt a herald as dear. Soon in meadow and brake

Thy sleeping companions shall also awake. thee;

But not all shall be quiet and silent like

Their tones shall unite in a glad symphony.

The wild bee shall hum; the leopard frog croak;

And the squirrel shall bark from his home
in the oak.

XI.

The birds shall return and join to these
notes.
Melodious strains from their musical throats.
The thrushes shall lead with their quavers
and trills;
The robins shall warble from uplifted bills;
The sparrows shall chirrup; and bobolinks
pipe
Till they drop all the discords of plover and
snipe.

XII.

But a few more such days till the lambs
shall gambol;
Till the cows mooing gladly to pastures shall
ramble;
Till children troop gayly to gather spring
flowers;
Till lovers woo maidens in leafy-girt bowers;
Till sowers shall scatter their winnowed
grain;
And grandparents gossip 'neath elm trees
again.

XIII.

Could we call to our service the linnet and
wren,
The dove and cuckoo, and a lyrical pen
To verse our regard, our musicians should
sing
A fit carol of thee. Yet we greet thee, O
Spring.
We kiss thy soft robes of diaphanous green,
And crown thee our winsome and beautiful
queen.

XIV.

May'st thou win from hot summer the whole
month of June,
And return from thy south-lands to us very
soon
To wrest the cold scepter of winter from
March,
And fill with thy presence the heaven's
whole arch.
So all hail to spring; to the flowers we prize;
To her emerald fields; to her zephyrs and
skies!

—Geo. C. Hubbard.

Memorial Day Among the Crows.

In one of the most delightful sections of the west, just south of the Yellowstone river, is situated the famous reservation of the Crow Indians. There hundreds of Eastern visitors, year after year, spend a part, or all of the summer months, camping in some picturesque vale, where the odors of the pine, fir and cedar appeal to the most delicate senses, or at the bottom of one of the grand canyons—some of them the most remarkable known—living close to nature's heart, she rendering to them the most toothsome of her viands of fresh trout, game and berries.

Among the many new topics of interest, none receive a greater share of attention than the Indians themselves with their savage costumes and manner of living. At the Crow Agency, or near that post, visitors may often enjoy novel entertainments in the way of Indian dances, sham battles, and races, both horse and foot.

Memorial day is an especially noted occasion, the ceremonies being held on or near the famous Custer battle-field. This event is participated in by both races, but the speeches and general affairs are monopolized by the whites, the Indians, later in the day, presenting the main attraction of dances, fights and other barbaric features, being arranged in all the coquetry of "scarf and plume" or bead-work and feathers.

The young warriors gather to the number of several hundreds and are covered with bright colored war paints, only wearing an abbreviated pair of leggings, certain articles of bead work, either really beautiful or hideously ugly, as their tastes may dictate, and a large amount of brass jewelry.

Their dances deserve and obtain the admiration of all who witness them. In the dance itself, the warriors alone take part, the squaws sitting on the sides and chanting in a weird sing-song voice, in time with the monotonous boom of the tom-toms.

In their sham battles, both on foot and on horse-back, the Crows exhibit a fair degree of artistic talent. The sudden rush of one party with faces and bodies, if possible, more hideously painted than their opponents; the sharp crack of rifles and pistols; yells fairly demoniacal from the mouth of every combatant; the shooting and dragging from their ponies, the glitter of steel as the knife encircles the victim's head; the motion of tearing the scalp from their foe, yet quivering in death agony and the final removal of the body are all very realistic to the spectator. And, indeed, to those who in early days, were present when these mad rushes by painted and savage men were not presented for "a sheltered people's mirth," the Indian sham battle is not in all its features, entertaining.

The decoration ceremonies, themselves, on the Custer field are always most impressive, members of the Grand Army posts being present to offer beautiful floral tributes to the brave men who rest on that hard fought field from which no messenger of defeat ever returned. From the hill crowned by the monument, one has a view of the truly magnificent mountain ranges, towering skyward, miles away to the south, while stretching far to the north and south, winds the Little Big Horn river, its beautiful and fertile valleys dotted by an hundred Indian farms; the monument, covered with rare flowers in profusion; the many white marble tablets, marking the exact spot where

each trooper fell; the two lines of tablets just east of the monument, marking the final resting place of the few gallant ones who followed their idolized leader, Colonel Custer, to the very last, for who would hesitate to follow where Custer's sword pointed the way.

Ah, how bravely they rode and well, that sunny June morning almost twenty-seven years ago. The Sioux camp, with its white teepees so closely set, stretched for miles up and down the river. Thousands of the bravest warriors of the plains, under chiefs who had never met defeat, were in that camp, the largest ever assembled of hostiles. The troopers might well pause for a moment while there yet remained time to withdraw, but the foeman was indeed favored who ever saw the retreating forms of Custer or his gallant band. And so met the warriors in their might and the little band of troopers who would never yield—

"Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the two hundred."

The mid-day sun shone brightly upon their bright faces; it beat warmly upon their brave young hearts; but in a few short—very short hours, it set, and they fell, every man. Not one rode back. The scout Curley, a Crow who left ere the fight fairly opened, was the only man in Custer's camp who survived the terrible tragedy. He, seeing the immense camp of the enemy and the terrible odds against him, made his escape by mingling with the enemy, who took him for one of their own number. He is still living, a bent and scarred old Indian, who is present and joins in all the memorial festivities of his tribe, each year.

—Jessie Alozene Railsback.

The Power of Kindness.

The milk of human kindness warmed
The breast of Mr. Vaik;
To furnish food to those in need,
He would his own forsake.

While tramping through an arid waste,
An injured snake he found;
At once some proper food he brought,
And dressed its bleeding wound.

The reptile strove to tell the thanks
Which stirred its sluggish mind;
And when its friend went on his way,
It followed close behind.

Soon Mr. Vaik perceived its love;
And when it needed rest,
He carried it within his arms,
And warmed it 'gainst his breast.

It soon became a cherished pet,
And learned its lessons well;
His master taught it to appear
When'er he rang his bell.

The serpent learned to count and talk
As it grew long and hale;
Although it had a silent mouth,
It wagged a fluent tail.

A single rattle was its Yes,
A double one its No;
Its gentle treble meant a friend,
Its shrillest note, a foe.

Its master had removed its fangs,
Which gave its tail more skill;
Its rattle thus gained power and pitch
Extremely loud and shrill.

One night the master soundly slept;
Not so the loving snake;
And when it heard suspicious sounds,
It could not waken Vaik.

A burglar through the window crept,
Then paused to peer about;
The serpent sprang around his neck
And stretched its tail far out.

It shook its tail as ne'er before,
Nor did its efforts cease,
Until its rattle strong and clear
Attracted the police.

No one will doubt this incident,
Because I state forsooth
I heard it from a worthy man
Who often tells the truth.
—Ge. C. Hubbard.

ATHLETICS.

The young men of the various gymnasium classes under the charge of Prof. Hall, have been having some practical work in teaching physical culture. Each Senior has had charge of the class during one recitation period. They have all done well, and Prof. Hall is very well satisfied with the showing made.

Tennis appears to have "jest kind o' died out" lately. A couple of years ago, and even last year, it was well nigh impossible to procure rackets when one wished to play, so great was the demand, but now the interest has waned or entirely disappeared. This is too bad, for the game is an excellent one and gives the best kind of exercise. Some one give it a boost.

Are we going to have a field day this year? There certainly should be no doubt about it. Every one who has been here before at commencement time realizes how interesting such an occasion is. A special day for the sports is set aside by the faculty and large crowds are always present to witness the contests, usually very close and interesting. The prizes are offered by the various business houses of the city, and a medal for the best all-around man is donated by the faculty. Besides the inter-

est for the contestants and their friends, there is the splendid exercise for the athletes, and the opportunity offered to develop a well proportioned, strong and graceful body.

So, by all means, boys, push it along.

SMILES.

The professor would like to be informed by the seniors every week as to whether or not they are engaged. This will put not a few of our seniors in rather—an embarrassing position, we think.

Marie Anderson was a very fine teacher in her day; so the book says.

"Every man must bear his own cross," Michael Anglo once said. Yes, we each have one.

1st Pig—Never propose to a girl by letter.

2nd Pig—Why?

1st Pig—Because, I did it once, and she placed the letter in a book she was reading and loaned it to my other girl.—Ex.

"Did you stay next to the longest in bed last night?"

"Yes, I slept with 'Mac.' last night.

Civilization demands oxygen. Oxygen stands between growth and decay, between progress and degeneracy. Then let us preach the gospel of oxygen. Its value and importance need no argument. A live, verile race must have it or degenerate.—Ex.

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us—" and then his voice was drowned out by the applause.—Ex.

"Why did Tom give up his study of geneaology?"

"You see he climbed so far up his family tree that he caught sight of an ape in the upper branches."—Ex.

"Love understands love; it needs no talk."

Advice to the Few.

A young man who has to get up with the sun should not stay up too long with the daughter.—Ex.

A lot of people who should be spending good time getting good money spend good money getting a good time.

When the golden sun is rising.

When the moon is gone,

Then the Sophs begin to yawn.

—Ex.

New Version for Alphonse.

He—"Won't you sit in this chair Miss Jones?"

She—"After you."

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

The attendance has been somewhat diminished, as is usually the case when spring draws nigh. Some go out to teach, others to work at home.

The call for teachers is unusually great this year and a large percentage have already secured positions.

The class pins were received April 27. The pin this year is very unique, fully equalling any selected by the classes heretofore. It is the Delta Tau Delta design. The ring this year is a new gold signet.

Miss Knight was called home the first of April on account of the death of her sister. She did not return this spring but will finish her course next fall.

Carl O. Nelson was called home just before the Easter vacation on

account of the severe illness of his brother, who died April 12th of pneumonia.

Special rates for scholars made on application at the Minnesota House and satisfaction guaranteed.

The Northern Minnesota teachers association met here April 27th and 28th. The meeting was of unusual interest, the papers and discussions showing that the educational work of Northern Minnesota is making a most rapid progress. The educators have taken hold of the important topics of the day and given them much thought. Among the prominent speakers at this association were Gov. Van Sant and Prof. James, Dean of Pedagogy at the State University. We hope that these meeting may be held in the near future because the seeds sown on occasion like this are sure to bear fruit.

Tennis playing has been somewhat suppressed of late as the board of control has refused to supply any material. Something should be done that this game might be kept up.

Albert Macdonald spent a few days about April 27th, at Tintah, getting posted on the work of the schools at that place. Mac. will make that place his field next year.

It is a recognized fact that expertness in any calling or profession is acquired only with long experience. As opticians we have both, having graduated from the Chicago Ophthalmic College nine years ago. Clark Bros.

Hank Anderson was obliged to withdraw from school for some time this spring on account of a severe attack of pneumonia. We are glad that he is able to be with us again.

The Girls Glee Club, with Miss Chamberlain, attended the Minneso-

ta Music Teachers' Association at Minneapolis, May 8th and 9th. The girls were on the program for one number Friday afternoon. This certainly was an honor to the club as well as the school. Miss Chamberlain deserves much credit for the able work she has done with this organization. They all reported a very pleasant as well as profitable time at the meeting.

What is the matter with the Juniors this year? We have seen nothing of them lately.

The special board is working hard on the material for the Normalia Annual that will be out this year for the first time. It will be of large size, neatly bound and contain many half-tone illustrations. Those who have not already ordered one should do so at once, as the supply is limited.

The outdoor spring pleasures had to be substituted by the fireside ones for a couple of weeks when we were visited by the blizzard.

Take Coates' 'bus and you will not miss your train.

Miss Isabel Shoemaker has been absent from school for several weeks while under quarantine for scarlet fever.

Misses Susan Gallow, Esther Sprague and Jessie Marshall, of this year's class, and Elizabeth Rau, of last year's, have been elected to teach in the city schools of St. Cloud for the coming year.

Captain Macdonald entertained the members of the basket ball team at a 6 o'clock dinner April 22nd. Toasts were given by Macdonald, Peterson, Campbell and Swenson, Prof. Keppel acting as toastmaster. The evening was spent in pleasant chats, mainly on athletics. Lawrence Hall and Miss Chamberlain were serenaded by the boys the latter part

of the evening. Beautiful souvenir cards with the picture of the champion team on one side and the games with scores on the other were presented to the guests as mementoes of a most delightful evening.

Miss Cravens gave a party to the members of the commercial geography class some time ago, at the Hall. A pleasant time was reported.

Misses Woodling and Marshall have taught several weeks in the city schools during the absence of the regular teachers.

S. N. S. souvenir spoons with cut of building in bowl, will be ready last of this month at \$1.50 to \$2.50. Also see our souvenir bookmarks at 50c. Clark Bros.

The basket ball girls gave a charming athletic party on April 17th, in honor of the team which made itself the champion organization of the state. The faculty and the other ball teams were also entertained. Lawrence Hall was tastefully decorated in red and black, the principal feature being a basket-ball suspended between two suggestive bushel-baskets in the dancing-hall. There was also an athletic cozy-corner in the parlors, whose very sofa-pillows were "athletic." The evening was spent in dancing. The dancing cards had appropriate decorations with the champion yell on the cover. The refreshments were cake and ice-cream prettily served in various moulds of athletic nature. It was the first "hop" of the season, and all enjoyed it very much.

The annual concert was given by the musical organizations of the school, in the Normal auditorium, April 18th. In this the Glee clubs took part, and also the Normal orchestra. Mr. Hall's club swinging was as usual an entertaining feature.

Miss Dennis and Miss Joubert sang a duet very charmingly, as also did Miss Irene Swenson and Mr. Emery Swenson. Misses Hull and Zama Taylor played a piano duet, and Miss Julia McMasters sang a solo. A humorous cantata, "The Grasshopper," closed an evening which had been entertaining to its audience and profitable to the musicians. Miss Maude Chamberlain had charge of the affair and again proved her ability as a competent trainer.

First-class shoe repairing at 512 Fifth avenue south, four blocks from Normal.

The Juniors at least know how to have a rehearsal without serious interruption.

A number of the Lawrence Hall girls gave a pleasant reception and dance to the Stillwater basket-ball boys, who played here. The boys enjoyed the evening so much that they almost forgot they had been beaten.

Miss Jeanette Donaldson enjoyed a trip to Glenwood on the 15th of April, to substitute in the city schools for two or three days.

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The Normal people who saw the High School play enjoyed it exceedingly, and wish to commend the players upon their ability to entertain.

Miss Isabel Lawrence spent her Easter vacation at an association meeting in Seattle, Wash., and came back with interesting things to tell about, and also some brand new stories for the child study class.

The commencement choruses are all hard at work now in preparation for the closing exercises. Both Glee clubs will be on the program, as well as the large chorus composed of

about a hundred and fifty students, all that the Davidson stage will accommodate.

Rigs of all kinds, with the very best horses money can buy, can be obtained at very low rates by Normal students at Coates' livery stable.

The members of the child study class are interested in studying the ideals, plans and feelings of the child at various stages of his life.

Miss Josephine Sletto has left the Normal, and is teaching in North Dakota.

First-class shoe repairing at 512 Fifth avenue south, four blocks from Normal.

Mr. Andrew Pickard accepted a position some time ago, and left the Normal to enter upon his work.

Mr. W. L. Peterson has been visiting the schools at Watertown, Minn., where he will teach next year.

The cuts of the girls' Glee club and boys' basket-ball team, which appeared in the Minneapolis Journal and later in the local papers, attracted much attention, and many compliments have been paid to the organizations.

Normal flag pins at 15c. Clark Bros.

Soon the beautiful June days will be here once more, and then—"Rise, sweet maid, 'tis thy wedding morning, shining in the skies."

Prof. Reimann, C. O. D., the noted geologist and botanist, has been making an extensive research as to the nature of the material found in the lake and river bottoms in the vicinity of St. Cloud. Early this spring he made a difficult but successful exploration of the bottom of lake George, and more recently he investigated the Mississippi bottom. Prof.

Reimann is very modest regarding his experiments and never announces the date of one ahead of time, as he very much dislikes the publicity attending his attempts. Hence we are unable to announce to our readers the scene of the professor's next trial. We believe, however, that it will occur in the near future.

A young lady appreciates nothing better than a good drive; boys, the place to get rigs for this purpose is at Coates' livery.

The faculty of the St. Cloud Normal school entertained the students at what certainly was one of the most beautiful and enjoyable functions ever given under the auspices of the Normal, Friday evening, May 1st.

The reception was held in the parlors at the Carter building, and the dance in the splendid ball room adjoining.

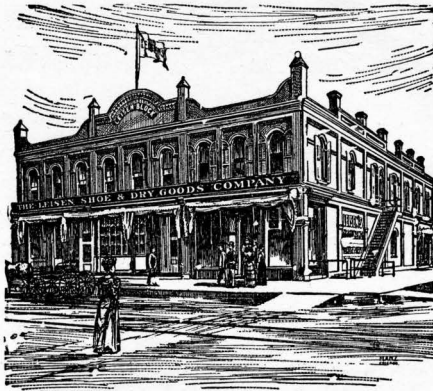
One of the prettiest features of the evening was the May-pole dance given by sixteen young ladies from the different classes of the school. The stirring notes of a woodland horn, sounded by Robin Hood, alias Harry Smith, heralded the approach of the beautiful and charming May Queen, Maid Marion, who was represented by Miss Eva Sorensen. Dressed in a gown of Lincoln green, with a wreath of roses on her head, she indeed scored a great success in representation of that famous heroine of romance. She advanced slowly to her throne, preceded by Miss Inez Eynon, a little flower girl who made a path of rose leaves for the queen.

The young ladies in the dance then appeared and scored a hit by the graceful manner in which they danced around the May-pole. When the pole had been suitably wound, it was removed from the floor and the regu-

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lar dancing program of the evening commenced. Later on, however, the young ladies, by special request, unwound and re-wound the pole, which was carried on to the floor once again for that purpose.

Dainty refreshments were served during the dancing, in the parlors, the tasteful decorations of flowers and plants and the choice collation served, reflecting great credit on the committees having charge of that part of the entertainment.

Nearly all the students of the school were present, despite the inclemency of the weather, and a large number of city school teachers also braved the rain to enjoy a most delightful evening.

Dancing was indulged in until after midnight, Gans' orchestra furnishing the music, which was excellent.

The hearty manner in which the

young people echoed the sentiment that the faculty were "all right," left no doubt that the reception and dance was a splendid success and was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by each and everyone.

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Published Bi-Monthly at the
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